## BALZAC IN ENGLISH

INTELLECT AGAINST LOVE. THE ALKAHEST, OR THE HOUSE OF CLAES, By HONORE DE BALZAC. 12me, pp. 307. Boston: Rob-

The genius of Balzac is displayed most strikingly in the representation and analysis of great passions, but he has two strongly differentiated odes of proceeding. In one case he gives the rein to his fecund imagination and so lavishes life color and action upon his canvas that it is with difficulty the reader follows the intricacies of his plot, though the crowding of his scenes never so dissipates his intended effects as to weaken the vigor of the central characters or detract from the impressiveness of their deeds and sufferings. In the other case the author concentrates his powers upon a group, and scarcely going outside of it, often confining himself to the fortune of a single family, creates in that contracted space dramas so moving, scenes so effective, characters so instinct with life, so swayed by masterful passion, that the histories remain with us as possessions forever and take place among the memories which exceed in permanence and completeness the mnemonic records of objective vision.

In the second class the story last published in English by the Messrs Roberts properly belongs. The history of Balthazar Claes is indeed much more than a domestic tragedy; it is the analysis of a dominant idea. But it is framed upon the simplest lines. A wealthy Flemish bourgeois has an attraction toward the study of chem-A pupil of Lavoisier, he has fast and far in speculation. A chance encounter with an enthusiast who believes it possible to discover the primal substance, the true elementary matter out of which nature constructs everything, infects Claes with the same daring and visionary fath. Thenceforth he is a changed man. Naturally a lover husband, a devoted father, proud of his beautiful home, the shrine of a superb collection of art works in all kinds, the fatal quest to which he is insensibly drawn transforms and degrades him. He builds a laboratory which becomes the centre of his exist-ence. Day by day he is more absorbed, more indifferent to wife and children, more reckless of the future. His experiments eat up his fortune, but he continues to pour his resources into the abyss, and plunges into debt without concern when his capital is exhausted. His tender wife's heart is broken at last by the estrangement. Once she succeeds in winning him from his furnaces and retorts, but the man's soul is dedicated to the search for the Absolute, and he pines and mopes the moment he has forsworn the adventure. She perceives this and sacrifices herself, but her spirit is crushed by the proof that science has conquered love in him, and she falls into a decline and dies, leaving as a legacy to her eidest daughter Marguerite the protection of the other children, threatened with ruin by their father's over nastering passion.

Marguerite Claes is a noble girl, one of the master's finest creations. She loves and reveres her father; but she perceives none the less clearly that he has broken her mother's heart, and that if not resolutely withstood he will reduce his family to destitution. Fortunately the young girl, so suddenly compelled to sit in judgment upon her father and to arbitrate the destinies of her home, is not only strong in herself, but is fortified by the unselfish love of a pure and high-minded young man. Through his counsel and and she succeeds in stemming the tide of ruin, and finally in wresting from Balthazar Ciaës the control of the property still remaining to them. He has promised that if his experiments do not succeed within a certain time he will yield himself to her government. When the period arrives he has spent everything he could lay hands upon, and has achieved nothing. Perforce he yields, and Laving procured for him a government office in a distant province, Marguerite sets herself to rehabilitate the well-nigh ruined Class estate. In this she succeeds, and after some years is able to bring back her father to the ancestral home, to whose walls have been restored in great part the art treasures, the carvings, the pictures, the silverware, all of which the nineteenth century alchemist had sacrificed to the urgent needs of his hopeless quest.

But the ruling passion, though repressed during his exile, has not been without fruition. Claes has again become indebted for chemicals and apparatus. Marguerite pays what he owes, and once more he forswears the laboratory. The daughter is married. Balthazar lives with the young couple. For two or three years all is well. Then Marguerite's husbuand is sammoned to Spain on a question of succession, and she goes with him. They are detained longer than they had anticipated. They return to find that in their absence Bulthazar has plunged anew into his quest for the Absolute, and that he has literally stripp the house of everything vendable to minister to his passion. Almost at the moment of Marguerite's return an accident brings upon the infatuated alchemist a fatal stroke of paralysis. He lies speechless for some days, but the hope in his delusion is unconquerable. With the last fluttering breath he raises himself in his bed, and ejaculating "Eureka!" falls back in death.

The psychical analysis of the book is full of subtlety and power, and of this no outline can afford even a suggestion. The struggle between Balthazar and his wife is a marvellous piece of insight. The love of the man is distinguished from that of the woman with the utmost nicety and precision. Another passion, even with a masculine soul of native nobility, is capable of overcoming, of smothering his affection for his wife. When the full significance of his changed behavior is pointed out to him he is ashamed, he repents, he abases himself before his wronged partner. But this return is a semblance only. The man himself has passed beyond the sphere of love. The Intellect has killed the Heart in him. So at every endeavor to re-establish their domesticity the bonds of the home show weaker, the attraction of science draws more peremptorily. Subtle too is the analysis of the wife's agony. In her there appears a divided duty. The habit of submission, the cult of an almost devotional love for Balthazar, have unfitted her for the terrible conflict in which the claims of the husband clash so hopelessly with those of the children. The latter cry out her mother's heart " Save us from our father's fatal passion!" The former incline her to sacrifice every-thing not only fortune but life and hope, to the ess of her beloved. She has not the strength to fight the battle out. She can only die and pass out of the agony, leaving to her daughter the accomplishment of the task which had proved too formidable for ber.

With her death a double change occurs. Balthagar, whose passion had blinded him to the barbarity of his treatment of his wife, was less likely to hesitate in seizing and appropriating the fortunes of his children. They could not be to him what she had been, and their power to restrain him must be so much less. But on the other band he had now to do with his daughter, and she, not being weakened or dazed by marital affection, and being therefore better able to judge dispassionately opponent to his acquisitiveness than her mother had been. The wife as to the rights involved, was a more formidable husband. The daughter, strengthened and impelied by the memory of a martyred mother, could and did judge the father. Yet, still moved by maternal example, she was ready to sacrifice herself to him. Did he require her fortune to throw into the gulf ? It was at his disposal. Only when his insatiate hands grasped for the possessions of her brother and sister did she resist; and then she was adamant. This is a beautiful study in human-nature, and the whole of the scenes between Balthazar and his wife and between him and Mar-

The scientific and mystical features of the story are cleverly handled. Balzac made deep inquests before writing his philosophical studies, as he called them, and he was always rather ahead than abreast of the thoughts of his time. The central problem dealt with here is of course as complete a mystery to-day as when the Recherche de U Absolu was written, Yet science has made notable advauces in the interval, and more; than once her votaries have thought their feet planted on the schold of a great discovery. Theoretically, it may be said that the doctrine of a single primary siogical deduction from known abenomena.

Whether the discovery of this "Absolute" appertains to the methods or even the domain of physical science is, however, a question not lightly to be answered. The deeper research is carried into physics the nearer the realm of the imponderable is approached, the stronger seems the probability that the solution may have to be transferred from the department of physics to that of psychics. Modern as this idea is in one point of view, it is hoary with antiquity in another. It is but a single illustration from many which might be cited of the co-ordination between mysticism and materialism on certain lines of research. And because Balzac had studied the mystics as well as the scientists he put into his discussion of these deep matters a keenness of perception, a shrewdness of interpretation, which make it impossible that his ideas should become obsolete until the race has accomplished advances in thought and demonstration for beyond anything at present in

To the few this phase of the "Alkahest" will will be of interest. To the many it is the humanity of the story which appeals. Of the passions here dissected there is not one familiarity with which may not be the destiny of any reader, and one cannot picture a reader so barren of experieuce as not to recognize in Balzae's men and women the realism, the naturalness, the frailties, the excellences of actual flesh and blood. Thus the domestic tragedy of the House of Claës is brought home to all. The passion which metamorphoses Balthazar, stiffes) in him all natural affection, extinguishes in him even that jealousy of reputation inherited from a long line of merchant ancestors, is indeed a fierce and consuming influence: but its operation upon the strong man

is perfectly natural, and the swiftness of its advance is partly explained by the potency of the delusions which it engenders and wherewith It entrenches itself against the assaults of wounded love. Nothing in reality could be more egoistic than Balthazar's abandonment to his shadowy quest; yetheismade to regard it as a noble and seifsacrificing enterprise, out of which is to emerge splendid material fortune for his house, and renown and honor for his burgb. The presence of these illusions could alone explain the servitude of a man like Claes to a fixed idea, but they do in fact render his position intelligible.

The "Alkahest" is a strong story, and all through it is to be felt that sub-current of vitalizing energy which in so many of Balzac's books seems to propel the principal characters as in a special atmosphere. hurrying them with a kind of fiery yet restrained impatience toward the doom assigned them. From the moment Balthazar Claës enters upon the scene, abstracted, negligent of dress, heavy of foot, it is seen that the Fates have set the man aside. Thenceforward all through the struggle which is carried on over and around him the invisible powers are impelling him to his appointed end. The mexorableness of his destiny is manifested. The dominant passion multiplies its coils about his soul. Further and further he drifts from the love of wife and children. But is it up or down-into the empyrean or the abyss-that he is being carried? Surely the author's purpose is not too heavily disguised. Intellect is set against Heart from first to last. All the misery springs from the workings of the first: all the joy and redemption from the operation of the second. It is part of his hallucination, of the veil of illusion which cheats him, to imagine that he is soaring when his descent is the swiftest. He dies, at last, with the delusion still full upon him. Intellectual absorption and divorce from Love have brought him fantasy and despair. But he leaves behind in his daughter Marguerite the type and emblem of Love's perfect work, the defence and protection of the helpless, the reward and consolation of the pure and unselfish.

Miss Wormeley has made a characteristically excellent translation of a book which presents many unusual difficulties and abstruse points. It is rarely possible to assert with any truth that an English version of a French book may be read by the public with nearly as much profit and appreheasion as the original, but it is the simple fact in this instance, and it is certainly remarkable enough to deserve emphasis.

MISS ALMA BAYLE.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN STORY. There is a frequent suggestion in this story of Mr. Vincent Crummles's real pump and two washingtubs, with a play written up to them to illustrate the unparalleled resources of the establishment. A under their own names, some in transparent disguises; and the piquancy of this show is evidently relied upon for a large share of the effect. Yet of most of these characters it must be said, as of the famous properties of the Portsmouth theatre, that "they come in admirably," even when they have no visible connection with the unrolling of the nar rative. Some readers will be pleased at their own acuteness in recognizing well-known journalists in the masquerade of "Mr. Atlas," "Mr. King Edwards" and "Mr. La Salle," and others will tax their ingenuity to find the originals of Ezra P. Bayle and his daughter Aima; while remarks which would sound common in the month of an ordinary creature of fiction seem almost memorable when they are attributed to the Prince of Wales. There is no plot, and the construction of the story is exceedingly loose; yet Miss Bayle's Romance" is entertaining. Chicago railway speculator, with his wife and daughter, are presented in various experiences of a tour of Europe, until Alma marries the son of the Duke of Windsor with all the éclat which her father's millions can purchase. We meet with our compatriots in many interesting scenes and diverse company. The life at Monte Carlo and elsewhere on the Riviera is described not only with vivacity, but with an uncommon truthfulness and modera tion; and the English chapters are all fresh and striking. The author makes it plain that he has been an admiring reader of the novels of Lord Beaconsfield, and, consciously or not, he has formed his method upon that gaudy model. He has none of the epigrammatic smartness of his exemplar, but he is never dull; and while he is certainly not remarkable for any wide knowledge of men and affairs, his acquaintance with superficial characteristics of foreign society is quite close enough for his present purpose. The weakest part of the book is the Bayle family. They are drawn in the spirit of caricature and yet apparently with no intention of satire. Ezra Bayle is the least bad of the family. He might even be accepted as a portrait of a certain class of millionaires who have been too busy making money to learn any of the refinements of life; but it is unusual to find an American in his position so ignorant of the pro-prieties of speech and behavior, and so little capable of adapting himself to a new environment. The rusticity of his wife is still more exceptional, Women like Mrs. Bayle, in whom conscious 1gnorance and vulgarity struggle with a painful desire to be genteel, are familiar to us; even the elaborately "American" dialect of this good lady is not greatly exaggerated; but although not impossible she is an extreme case; we should not look for her in the society of Chicago, and she is inconceivable as a guest at the country-house of an English duke. Miss Alma Bayle is by far the most objectionable of the family. Her speech and her manners are equally dreadful, and the fascination which her unconventional behavior is said to exercise over the nobility and gentry of the old world is not apparent to the reader of her adventures. She is not amusing, she is not smart, she is not independent; her mind is little and unformed; her ections are by no means ardent; she is too dull Balthazar and his wife and between him and Mar-guerite are strong with the divinatory power of to be ambitious; she is simply common. She has none of the qualities, except a fair face, for which American girls are supposed to be admired abroad and for which they are undoubtedly admired at home. We are assured that Lord Plowden Eton does not marry her for money, and yet

one is at a loss to imagine any other

such a profoundly uninteresting person. In real

life the daughters of newly enriched Americans are

almost always of a higher social type than their

parents. They have had early advantages, they

have met good company, they have been educated, and with the quickness and suppleness which dis-

tinguish the sex in our country, they learn to move

with perfect case and grace in any sphere to which

reason why he should ally himself

fortune may call them. The daughter of a Chicago millionaire of such low social development as Alma Bayle, even after a successful season in Europe, is quite out of the question. The author has made a

distinct failure with this character.

A SATIRE ASCRIBED TO POR. Benjamin & Bell have issued a neat brochure inquiring into the evidence for ascribing to Edgar Alian Poe a satire in heroic couplets published in 1847 over the pseudonym "Lavante." The poem itself, or to speak more precisely, the satire, is given, prefaced by an ingenious and elaborate analysis of all the points which make for the Poe hypothesia. The case as made out strikes us as being more specious than probable. The satire of Lavante, moreover, whoever he was, exhibits so little poetic force that even if Poe did write it he never could have been proud of it. It appears to have fallen dead when published, and there does not seem to be much more reason for resurrecting it now than consists in the measure of amusement it has afforded to the author of the curious inquisition into its genesis. Indeed, his arguments, suggestions, audacious speculations and con-jectures are much more entertaining and readable than jectures are much more entertaining the duli spite embodied in the satire.

SAPPHO AND THE CIRCUS.

THEY ARE DISCUSSED IN CULTURED CHI-CAGO. Eugeno Field in The Chicago News.

CAGO.

Rugens Field in The Chicago News.

It would be hard to say whether Chicago society is more deeply interested in the circus which is exhibiting on the lake front this week than in the compilation of Sappho's complete works just published in London and but this week given to the trade in Chicago. As we understand it, Sappho and the circus had their beginning about the same time: if anything the origin of the circus anticdated Sappho's birth some years and has achieved the more widespread popularity. In the volume now before us we learn that Sappho lived in the seventh century before Christ, and that she was in the zenith of her fame at the time when Tarquinius Priseas was King of Rome and Nebuchadnezzar was subststing on a hay diet. It appears that, despite her wisdom, this talented lady did not know who her father was; seventeen hundred years after her demise one Suldas claimed to have discovered that there were seven of her father, but Herodotus gives the name of the gentleman most justly suspected as Seamandrouymus. Be this as it may, sappho married a rich man and subsequently fell in love with a dude who cared nothing for her; whereupon, the unfortunate woman, without waiting to compile her writing and without even indicating whom she preferred for her literary excentor, committed suicide by hurling herself from a high precipice into the sea. Sappho was an exceedingly handsome person, as we see by the engraving while serves as the frontispiece of the work before us. Tids engraving as we understand was made from a portrait painted from life by a contemporaneous old Grecian artist, one Alma Tadema. Still, we could not help wondering, as we saw the ma

discent pageant of Forepaugh's circus sweep down on any site boulevards and superb thoroughfares restordar-as we witnessed this imposing spectacle, we say, we ould not help wondering how many people in all the —as we witnessed this imposing spectacle, we say, we could not help wondering how many people in all the vast crowds of spectators knew that there ever was such a poetess as Sappho; or, how many, knowing that there was such a party, had ever read her works. It has been nearly a year since a circus came to town, and in that time public taste has been circusted to a degree by theatrical and operatic performers, such as Sarah Bernhardt, Emma Abbott, Murray and Murphy, Adeic Patti, George C. Miln, Helena Modleska, Fanny Davenport and Denman Thompson. Of course, therefore, our public has come to be able to appreciate with a nicer discrimination and a time rest the intellectual morecaux and the refined tidbits which Mr. Forepaugh's unparalleled aggregation offers, this was apparent in the vast numbers and in the individual continuous at the street corners along the line of the circus procession. So magnificent a display of sike, the housetops and at the street corners along the line of the circus procession. So magnificent a display of siles satins and diamonds has selden been seen; it trul seemed as if the fashion and wealth of our city were trying to vie with the spienders of the glitering circu pageant. In honor of the event many of the stores, put lie buildings and private dwellings displayed banners motioes and comgratulatory garlands. From the balcon of the paintial edifice occupied by one of our leadin literary cinbs was suspended a large banner of pink sile upon which appeared the word "Welcome" in which while beneath, upon a serol, was an appropriate couple from one of Robert Browning's poems. When we aske one of the members of this cinb with the club made suc a fuss over the circus, he looked very much astonishe and he answered: "Well, why not fold Forepaught worth over \$1,000,000, and he always sends us complumentarios whenever he comes to town."

and he answered: "Well, why not f Old Forepaugh is worth over \$1.000.000, and he always sends us compilmentaries whenever he comes to town."

We asked this same sentleman if he had read the new edition of Sappho's peems. We had a good deal of confidence in his literary judgment and taste, because he is our leading insect-oil dealer, and no man in the West is possessed of more enterprise and sand than he.

"My daughter brought home a copy of the book Saturday," said he," and I looked through it yesterday. Sappho may suit some cranks, but as for me, give me Elia Wheeler or Will Carleton. I love good poetry—I've got the finest bound copy of Shakespeare in Eliands and my edition of Colernige will knock the socks off any book in the country. My wife has painted all the Doray limitations of the Anelent Martine, and I wouldn't swap that book for the costilest Mysonyay in all Paris!"

I can't see where the poetry comes up." he went on to say, "So far as I can make out, this man S-poin—I mean Sappho—never did any sustained or consecutive work. His poems read to me a good deal like a diary. Some of them consist of one line only, and quite a number lave only three words. New, I will repeat five outire poems taken from this fool book; I learned them on purpose to repeat at the club. Here is the first:

"Me just now the golden-sandaled lawn."

"That's all there is to it. Here's the second:

"A third is complete in—"

"A third is complete in -

"Much whiter than an egg."

"Much whiter than an egg."

"Stir not the shingle,"

"Stir not the shingle,"

which, I take it, was one of Sapphire's juvenile poems addressed to his mother. The fifth poem is simply—

"And their thyself, Callone,"

which, by the way, reminds me that Forepaugh's calliope got smashed up in a railread accident night before last—a circumstance decepty to be regretted, since there is no instrument calculated to appeal more directly to one instrument calculated for appeal more directly to one arred in mythological lore or more likely to awaken a ain of pleasing associations than the steam calliope." A South Side packer, who has the largest library in the ain of picasion.

A South Side packer, who has the sappho's works ye try, told us that he had not seen Sappho's works ye try, told us that he had not seen Sappho's works ye.

carried ghat to hear that some between said that he had bought a "Sappho," and was having it bound in morocco with turkey-red trimmings. "I do enjoy a handsome book," said he. "One of the most valuable volumes in my library I bought of a reading candy manufacturer in this city. It is the original libratio and score of the Seongs of Solomon, bound in the tarnet pett of the fatted oalf that was killed when the Prodigal Son came

ome."

"I have simply glanced through the Sapphe book," aid another distinguished representative of local culture," and what surprised me was the pains that has seen taken in getting up the affair. Why, do you know, he editor has gone to the trouble of going through the e editor has gone to the trouble of going through the ok and translating every darned peem late Greek! Of arse this strikes us business men of Chicago as a queer

out of pedantry."

The Hon. Elijah H. Haines says that Sappho was an indian chief of one of the original Chicago tribes and counder of the Ancient Order of Red Men. "I have never coked into this book you mention," says he, "but I presume to say that there's nothing new in it. We are digsume to say that there's nothing new in it. We are digging up marble slabs at kasinaskia every week or two,
and they all have Supphie poems on them, but what is
there in the poetry business! There is more philanthropy and business in one reliable recipe for curring
hama than in the longest epic poem ever written."

The amilable gentleman who reads manuscripts for
Rand, McNally & Co. says that Sappho's manuscripts
were submitted to him a year ago. "I looked them over
and satisfied myself that there was nothing new in them,
and I told the author so. Hs seemed inclined to dispute
me, but I told him I reckoned! understood pretty well
what would sell in our literary circles and on our railroad trains."

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But waile there was a pretty general disposition to
criticise Sappho, there was only one opinion as to the
circus parade, and that was complimentary. For the
nonce, we may say, the cares and verations of business,
of literature, of art and of science were put aside, and
our populace abandoned itself to a hearry enjoyment of
the brilliant pageant which appealed to the higher instincts. If if makes us proud to go into our book stores
and see thousands upon thousands of tonics waiting for
customers, if our bosoms swell with delight to see the
quiet and palatial homes of our cultured society overflowing with the most expensive wail papers and the
costilest articles of virtue, if we take an ineffable enjoyment in the thousand indications of a growing redinment in the midst of us—vaster still must be the pride,
the rapture we feel when we behold our intellect and our
culture paying the tribute of adoration to the circus!
Viewing those enlivening scenes why may we not cry in
the words of Sappho: "Wealth without thoe, Worth, is a
shameless creature; but the mixture of both is the
height of happiness."

WHAT HE SAID.

Prom The Pittsburg Chronicle Telegram,
"Chappie, I was gwossly insulted to-day, doncher
know," remarked Fittspercy.
"Ah! how did it occuh, me deah boy 1" inquired De

"An' how did it occun, he dean boy?" inquired be Sappy.

"I wens to buy a hat, you see, and I absked the eweachain at the stoh. 'Ah, what soht of a hat do you think would suit me?' and the wetch weplied, as bwazen as you please. 'A soft one, sir.'"

"Did you wesent the insuit!"

"Yaas, pwomptiy."

"How did 'Watsi' weal loud, and slammed the door as I went out."

MALAPROPS.

From The London Speciator.

Many years since, when, as a young curate, I had been delivering a sermon on the "Forgiveness of Injuries" in Hurstmonceaux Church, and, as I datered myself, with considerable power, on returning to the vestry my dear old rector, Julius Hare, said to me, with the well-known queer smile on his rugged face: "Do you know what you have been saying to the people! I only hope they won't follow your advice." "Why, what!" I asked with some surprise. "Why, you've been telling them over and over again to be sure always to return evil for good." Need I say that my good opinion of myself and of my sermon was seriously and wholesomely lessened!

The other example occurred at a well-known watering-place. Sitting next to a lady resident at table, the name of a gentleman also resident there having been mentioned, some conversation arose which showed that I was well acquainted with him. "Dear me!" said the lady: "I did not know that Mr. I — was such a friend of yours." "Yes." I replied, "we have known one another for years. We are both autiquarians, you know." "Oh, yes," was the reply; "have you heard that we are going to have an aquarium here!" I need hardly say that I speedily, and I hope skilfully, changed the subject.

WHO ABRAHAM WAS.

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From The Boston Endget.

In a suburban Sunday-school hast Sunday the teacher of a class of httle ones was about to enterialn her young triends with the story of Abraham and Isaac; but wishing first to gauge the enlidren's knowledge of the chief actor in the story, asked: "Now, my dears, who was Abraham! Can any one tell me!"

There was a stience for a minute or so, and then a bright little fellow exclaimed triumphantly, manifesting his superiority over his loss informed and puzzled associates: "I know, Miss —!" "Well, Alfred, who was Abraham!" "He was the man that used to come round to my house and buy pa's old clothes."

MAKING IT ALL RIGHT.

SOME YANKEES OF THE SOUTH SHORE. STONY BEACH, May 24.—I hope it may be remembered that the wife of Marsh Yates gave us shelter on the first night we spent at the South Shore this season. As we occupied the only bed in the house I wondered in what way our entertainers passed the dark hours. The cracks leading from our floor to the floor below let up the sound of a great deal of snoring, so that my conscience did not afflict me as it might otherwise have done. It seemed to me in the middle of the night that some one said in a

" You'll have ter git up. Git up, I tell you!" gone across Salt Pond. I tried to rouse myself. There was a glimmer of day-light filling the outside fog. Those words about getting up sounded again from the foot of the stairs which led into this chamber where we slept. And now the head of Maria Jane Yates appeared in the opening left in the floor boards that the stairs might come through. The man wants ter git into his barn," said Ma ia Jane

impressively.

"Tell him to go into his barn," I said with equal impressiveness, but vaguely, as one who still half sleeps. You'll have to git yourself awake and dress, for he's waitin'," now announced the voice. "I'd jest as lieves go, so fur's I'm concerned," it added, " ef you say so." How dreadful it is to waken in the midst of the first sound sleep you have had all the night! I could not nagine what all this talk was about, but I made a mighty effort and got up. I then heard the mumble of a man's voice, not Marsh's, below, and thought I heard the word "dorg" pronounced with an unpleasant emphasis. Marian Jane nodded at me.
"The dorg, ye know," she said. "Mr. Morse couldn't

git into his bern to feed his calf, nor nothin', 'cause your dorg is there. He says it's hendered him 50 cents' with a'ready, for he meant to have started early for the salt

hay he bought at the harbor."

Now I was awake. It did not seem two minutes until I was walking over the ridge with Mr. Morse and striving to keep up with his enormous strides. The fog was so thick I could barely see my companion, and the air was so salt I could taste it on my lips. The tide was going out, I knew by the long drawn, sucking gurgles it made among the loose stones at my left where Stony Beach curved its little stretch between its rocky boundaries. In such a mist as this one knew very little about the time of sun-rising. I felt that I was paying too dear for having

a dog to protect our property.

"Thought you was goin ter git yer tent up and git settled yisterd'y," said Mr. Morse over his shoulder at me, as I scrambled breathless just at his heels. "So I thought; we engaged Mr. Yates to put it up," I

replied, gasping.
"I could have teld ye better'n that," said Mr. Morse, as people always say when it is too late. He laughed hearsely, "Guess he didn't have time, did he !". Then he laughed again. "I c'n tell ye one thing," he said suddenly facing round on me, the mist making him lock like a giant; "you never'll git that tent up of you wait for Marsh Yates to do lt." Then he turned and threw the following words at me from his shoulder: "'N I don't see's I e'n have that dorr on my premises a guardin' of other folks' property much longer. It don't make a man feet pleased to go out ter his own barn and find a dog's big as a ox set non his tail an' grinnin' at ye so' s't ye

feel obliged to run if ye vally your life. 'N I ain't pre-pared ter die yet-not by means of a dorg in my own I could not but agree with these sentiments. I told Mr. Morse, perhaps rather more profusely than was necessary, that I agreed with him, and that I should try and

make it all right with him. Let me say here that you are always committing yourself rashly when you say to will make it all right with him." He immediatel thinks you have plenty of money and are unsophisti-cated, and if he has previously had it in his mind that one dollar would make it right with him, when he hears you make that remark, he directly decides to charge two dollars. When our goods were finally removed from Mr. Morse's barn we asked him what we owed him.

He looked reflectively off at the ocean in the direction of Cape Ann. I have noticed that all the men who live permanently on this shore have this same appearance of possessing reflective powers. That is only an appearance, I am convinced, for to reflect in reality one must first have a mind; and the masculine mind hereabouts seems to have been nearly all absorbed in a full planning as to how a living can be got without working. A certain sharpening of intellects has taken place since there has been somewhat of an influx of summer visitors not as regards work but as regards what is popularly known as "skinning the visitors." The skinning goe through everything, from the price of a lobster or dozen perch to rowing you for an hour in a leaky boat wherein you have to sit with your skirts tucked up tightly about your ankles-if you are so unfortunate as to be a woman and wear skirts-and where you are not unfrequently asked "to jest take that dipper and ball her out a little, won't ye ?" You gladly ball her out, because you don't want to sit with your feet several inches deep in salt water. But when you land, scrambling out as best you can on the shallow beach, and try to make it right with your bontonen, you do feel as if you had not had your money's worth. It was experiences like these which led us to set up a boat on Salt Pond, a sheet of water which lay back of the beach where we were, between our beach and the main land,

But I must not anticipate my story, and set up a boat When Mr. Morse had contemplated the blue line of the

North Shore for a sufficient length of time, after my estion as to my indebtedness, he said that he guessed he should charge about 75 cents for storage, and he guessed that the damage to his peace of mind by having hat dorg a keepin' of him on tenter hooks in the way he and, would be figgered at about \$1.50; and he we have no dorg that would grin in that way in his bar agin for twice that money. 'Twant no object.

I knew exactly how our big mastiff Max would, as Mr.

Morse graphically expressed it, sit on his tall and grin at any one whom he thought had intrusive intentions. I could be willing to pay a good many more dollars rather than that Max should give up that expression of counteance when he deemed that he had occasion to use it.
This settlement with Mr. Morse was effected after we

and reached the barn, and Max growing amiable had consented at my request to the owner's entrance. I imred Mr. Morse to think of some one who would pitch our tent for us; I entreated him to do it himself, and go after his hay to morrow. No: he was immovable. He said that kind of " ma'sh hay was a kind he'd ben wantin' too long to resk losin' it now." He actually hurried to get away, from my importuni-

ties. He whipped his old horse down the hill, and at the foot of it the pulled up and shouted back for me " to git Miss Yates to go over the pond and fetch a man from the

We were fast learning that Maria Jane was the only person with a particle of energy. When I returned to the Yates house I learned that Maria had been down to Marsa's dory and found that he had brought in three lobsters from the pots the night before, but had not brought them any further. They had twisted about all night, had locked themselves firmly and viciously together and were now a string of lobster mixed with rope, which Maria plunged into the big kettle under which a fire was

"I guess that'll unclinch um," she said, and added: You e'n have fresh biled lobster for breakfast." We all breakfasted much as we had supped. Marsh

had gone out perching with a neighbor. He had left word for us that we mustn't worry, he guessed he should be back plenty of time to see about that tent. When I heard that I feit hysterical. It seemed to me hysterics were justifiable if not useful. Maria Jane raised herself from her lobster boiler, put her hands on her hips and oked so full of energy that Carlos and I revived by nerely gazing at her. "Of course, yo' don't take no stock in Marsh's comin'

oack to do anything, do ye !"

"I'll tell ye what I'll do," she said briskly, " ef you'll help me had the dory across, I'll go over to the road, and if I don't git a man my name ain't Maria Jane

Yates!" She was like a general inspiring fainting soldiers. We three went down to the dory. Its small anchor was stuck into the sand to hold it. She flung the anchor in and into the said to the rope, while we pushed from behind. It is not enjoyable to do this kind of work, particularly when you step into petitions often, and the ridge is very I had no idea a dory could be so heavy. The strip of land which lay between the sea and the pond is at this place perhaps an eighth of a mile wide. Just at

our utmost, I heard a voice behind us say: " I do declare that am't women's work! It was Cap'n Asel. He had had his breakfast long ago, it must be now as late as half-past 5, and was out to see if he could pick up any news.

" If 'twas men's work I s'pose they'd do it," said Maria Jane. With one great heave we got the dory over the ridge, and after that it was comparatively easy work. In ten minutes more Mrs. Yates was standing upright in the dory and scuiling swiftly over the smooth por Cap'n Asel lingered near us, supporting himself com-fortably on his crutches. He was very anniable indeed,

the Pharaohs had done such a thing. I was afraid it would be our lot to see Cap'n Asel a good deal. I early would be our lot to see cap it are a government of the resolution that I would not gratify his curiosity in the slightest degree. There are some people who, the moment they ask you a question, inspire you with a strong desire not to answer it. Cap'n Asel had this effect upon me. I would not have told him even what I thought about the weather. His sole occupation was to hobble about the shore and find out every item

about everybody. I had not until I knew him known fully what the word inquisitive means. I was sure by his manner—one could tell nothing by his face-that he meant to stay with us until Mrs. Yates

came back, so that he might possibly learn why she had

ART NEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE WEEK IN ART CIRCLES.

MR. WUNDERLICH'S COSTLY PURCHASES-NOTES OF PAINTINGS AND PRINTS.

It appears that Mr. Hermann Wunderlich has the distinction of having paid the largest price for an etching ever given by an American, and the etching in question, one of the two existing proofs of the first state of Rembrandt's "Pliate presenting Christ to the people," is now upon exhibition at the Wun-Wunderlich paid for this proof, which is 15 by 17 3-10 inches, the enormous sum of \$5,750. At the same sale Mr. Wunderlich purchased for \$4,000 a proof of a state considered to be intermediate between the first and second of Rembrandt's "Portrait of Dr. Petrus Van Tol," popularly, but according to Biane erroneously, known as the portrait of the "Ad-vocate Van Tolling." For a proof of the first state M. Dutuit at the Griffiths sale in 1863 paid \$7,550, which is believed to be the largest price ever paid for an etching. At the Buccleugh sale the Berlin Museum paid \$6,500 for a first state of the "Hundred" Guilder" print, as noted last week, and the "Portrait of Mytenbogsert" brought \$6,400. The chief buyers are mentioned as the Berlin Museum, Baron Edmone Rothschild, Mr. Wunderlich and Mr. Theodora Irwin, of Oswego, owner of a remarkable Rembrands collection. Mr. Wunderlich's gallery is likely to be a "centre of interest" for a time, since many who care little for the intrinsic worth of Reinbrundt's etched work will be curious to see the costliest etching in this country.

The scene in the "Pliate presenting Christ" is the front of the judgment hall with the base of a portice projecting, on which are Pilate and his attendants, showing Jesus to the people assembled before it. In two niches above are the statues of Justice and Porce. Pilate with a wand in his right hand points with his left at Jesus, who stands in front with his hands tied. On the ground in the left corner is a man in a plumed cap harmaguing the mob and pointing with his left hand toward our Saviour. On either side are two buildings further removed with people at the windows. At the foot of a stairway on the right a Jew with a great beard advances, whose shadow is strongly marked. There are about thirty figures lightly indicated and shaded. The "That's just what I think," she replied. "I noticed the second in the propose of the propose and the country with them."

"That's just what I think," she replied. "I noticed the projection of the propose of the prop

whose sandow is strongly marked. There are about thirty figures lightly indicated and shaded. The building on the left, whose facade is in shade. The sents a window ornamented with pilasters, at which one sees a woman looking out and a soldier in profile.

Bartsch considers that Rembrandt himself deemed that he had made a mistake in effacing the figures before the portice, which do not appear in the later states, and destroyed the plate in consequence, which explains the especial rarity of the later proofs. Blane holds, however, that Rembrandt eliminated the crowd because he saw that it distracted attention from the central group. Christ and the surrounding figures, and that the plate was broken because the "brutal manner" in which the change was made injured it severely. Blane calls attention to the living and moving crowd, the strongly marked Jewish character istics, the "Italian air" of Pilate despite his turban, the bastard style of the architecture which is not Roman, and the grandeur of the statues of Justice and Force, suggesting carvatides of Michael Areals.

"Poor thing to day under the wason all atome. "And self-der nose and ligh forchead it has."

"So Mr. loolinger went out to the wason. The dog wasged his tail feebly and the lid of his left eye was the status of Justice. The poor thing to day the manapped the chain from his collar, "poor dogsle!" said Mr. Dollinger, as he reached down and manapped the chain from his collar, "poor dogsle!" Sid Mr. Dollinger went out to leave the wason.

"Poor dogsle!" said Mr. Dollinger, as he reached down and manapped the chain from his collar, "poor dogsle!" Sid Mr. Dollinger went out to leave the wason.

"Poor thing to day under the wason all atome."

"But don't you think the poor thing ought to be untied so it can run around and get some exercise and play with the other dogs a little?"

"It have the poor thing to day. The poor thing to day the his poor thing to day the his poor thing to day the his poor thing to day, the poor thing to day the poor thing to day th

the bastard style of the architecture which is not Roman, and the grandeur of the statues of Justice and Force, suggesting carryatides of Michael Angelo as models.

There are seven states of this print. Rembrandt was unable to procure sheets of China paper large enough for the plate, and in the first two states strips of paper have been pasted to the original sheets at the top. A proof of the first state was sold for 950 florins in 1847. De Claussin described one belonging to M. Robert, of Paris, as unique, but Wilson found another, also mentioned by Blanc in the Delice of Buccleugh and is the one now owned by Mr. Wunderlich. Nearly all the work, it should be said was done with the dry-point and the but in the first state is very pronounced. The execution is distinguished by lightness but expressiveness of line and an indescribable animation.

The portrait of Dr. Petrus Van Tol is one of the rarest of Rembrand's etchings. Blanc gives a description of the exciting scene at the Carew sale in London in 1835, when one of these proofs aroused the linear rest in the first state is very pronounced. The execution is distinguished by lightness but expressiveness of line and an indescribable animation.

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London in 1836, when one of these proofs aroused the intense rivalry of the leading amateurs and dealers of Europe. After a pathetic appeal from M. Claussin, who threw himself upon the generosity of his competitors, the proof went to the Minister of State of Holland for about \$1,100. The subject is a man with a heard, wearing a high broad-rimmed hat, seen nearly in full face, with books open on the table before him, glasses at his right hand, a bottle corked.

State line

"Great thunder!" yelled Mr. Follinger and dealers of as the dog leaped up and tried to get him by the throat.

"Don't go near the wagon—be thinks you're trying to strell something: "screamed Mrs. Dollinger, as she climbed up on the fonce.

Mr. Dollinger wasn't going near it—the dog headed him of again. Then Mr. Dollinger tore around in a circle and the dog leaped at him from all sides at once. with a linen cloth on the left. The perfect naturalism, individuality and charming execution of this admirable work are known to all print-lovers, but it is, of course, the rarity of these impressions which gives them their especial commercial value. As has been said, there is only one other proof of the first state of the "Pilate presenting Christ." Wilson, who, however, is eften inaccurate, mentions two proofs of the first state of the Van Tol, and three of the

state of the "Pilate presenting Christ." Wilson, who however, is eften inaccurate, mentions two proofs of the first state of the Van Tol, and three of the second state. The Buceleugh proof was catalogued as of the second state, but a comparison after the sale decided it to be of an intermediate state and its value for chalcomaniaes will therefore be increased.

This exhibition, the exhibition of Cousins's engravings and the collection of French pictures at the Academy, seem to indicate a sustained interest in art which realers the season longer and longer every year, but it may be doubted whether there is any profit in continuing exhibition does not seem to be well attended, although the sales amount to a consderable sum. Perhaps the extraordinary prize giving has had-something to do with lessening popular interest. "The Art Amateur" suggests that "the erratic awards by the anony mous Prize Fund committee are likely to affect seriously in future the quality of the pictures to be sent in. Especially just now, when the subscriptions seem in danger of 'petering out', affording the means of only two prizes. . . . would it seem to be expedient to have the awards made with intelligent discrimination."

Once heef down and the dog tore along out arong than the catalogue the cher way.

And Mrs. Dollinger stood on the fence and screamed for help. The neighbors came out around their back does had a down and the other way.

And Mrs. Dollinger stood on the fence and screamed for help. The neighbors came out around their back does had a doed and yend of hay with a pictor's in each hand stood and yend elect "Fight him!"

Look him in the eye! Look him in the eye! Look of him in the eye! Look of his person and the day before.

And all the time the dog tore along the him in the eye! Look him in the eye! Look of his person and the first state and its person the him the eye! Look of his person and the first discrimination."

It should be added that some of the awards of medals made by the artists have been as "erratie" as anything ever done at these exhibitions by ama-teurs. Mr. Weir's still-life, perhaps the best piece of painting in the exhibition, was passed over, and a medal given to Mr. Wiggins's cattle piece, which has nether beauty, nor distinction of execution, nor any especial interest. Mr. Arthur Parton, whose work for the last three or four years has shown marked improvement, a serious purpose and carnest exhibits a strong painting of material found at home and made pictorial, but his "Harlem Bridge" was ignored, although no artist has better earned recognition by his conscientiousness. Mr. Tryon's "Sheepfold," a picture pleasant enough but in no way individual, assivisitors to Mr. Walters's gallery can testify, was certainly an "erratic" choice for a medal. which might better have been given to his "October." There was no intrinsic reason for giving a medal to Murphy's alightly modified and weakened reduction of his picture in the Society exhibition. And the most "create" award of all was the bestowal of a medal upon the absurd "heroid" figure perpetrated by .'r. Hartiey. All that is to be commended is an ambitious purpose and some good modelling. But the grandose design belongs to the early part of the century, and the prepostorous head, the shield held up as if to keep off the rain, the trunk out of all proportion with the limbs, the right leg awkwardly claimped by force to the rock, and the extraordinary feather bed all testify to the sculptor's discomitancy feather bed all testify to the sculptor's discomitancy. Yet close at hand is Mr. Warner's "Diana," a graceful, purely sculptorreque figure, remarkable in the expression of susgested action, distinguished by dignity and reserve of treatment as well as by beauty of contour, and admirable in the refined and learned modelling to be noted particularly on the back and breast. There were some judicious awards made by the exhibitors, but the only inference to be drawn from others and from certain omissions, like that of a work of such distinction as the "Diana," is that personal feeling or selfish motives of one kind or insother inducated the results. the most "erratic" award of all was the bestowal of the most dimenic part, as we were telling and straining

Cap'n Asel lingered near us, supporting himself comfortably on his crutches. He was very analohe indeed, but when he wondered in a musing way where Marsh's wife was going and what for, we did not reply. He did find out where we passed the night, for he asked point blank. He said "he didn't know as the Yateses was fixed so's they could 'commodate lodgers. No bedstids, ye know, nor nuthin' far's I know."

Then he winked again, as he had done when I first saw him. His winks had a dreadful, paralyzing effect upon me, for the reason, I think, that of all the faces I have ever seen, his face looked the most unlikely to wink. It was as utterly confounding as if the mummy of one of There is also a tale of a Volion copied through the

agency of an M. Bourdel, but the forgery was discovered by Volion himself and punished.

Delacroix's "Sardanapalus," at the Academy, was painted in 1827, and was due, like the "Marino Fadero" and "Massacre of Scio," to Byron's influence. The poet made a pretence of "historical" accuracy, but the logenda and even the identity of Sardanapalus have received many rude shocks since the tracedy was written. The painter has amplified the poet's recital of the interesting myth. In the tracedy the Assyrian monarch has but one companion, while in the picture Sardanapalus, lying unmoved upon the splendid couch placed on his funeral pyre, looks on at women, slaves and warriors siaying themselves and their companions all about the royal couch. It is a ghastly seens, but painted by a master. The "grand style" is not in vogue to-day, but this picture is very different from the heroics of the older English historical school. There is not mere rant and posing here, but intensity, genuine dramatic force, impassioned execution, andacions but magnificent coloring and figure work of strength and freedom. All the usual criticisms of violence, over-crowded canvas, absence of values and insufficient drawing fall to lessen the energy of the execution, the beauty of many passages of the painting, and the richness of much of the coloring. It is easy to understand the controversy caused by the first exhibition of a picture which was so radical a change from the formalism, severity of line and: "pose plustique" of the school of David.

"pose plastique" of the school of David.

Iff the "Amenda Honorable" Delacroix has really made the background his picture. On a visit to Ronen he was impressed by the stately preportions of the great hall in the "Palace of Justice," and so he sought to render the spaciousness of the lofty room, the fine spring of the walls into the noble arch, and the mellow coloring. For relief and character he introduced the faltering penitent before an enthroned archbishop, and the long procession of white-robed monits, a scene often identified, yet not designed as an illustration of a special scene in history. This is an interesting contrast to the "Sardinapalus," and perhaps it will be found that the quiet dignity of the scene, the reserve with which it is treated, the largeness of the design and suggestiveness of the figures hold the observer longer than the tour de force of Delacroix's earlier years.

From The Dakota Bell. Dollinger, who lives on Twelfth-st., is one of

the kindest-hearted men in Sloux Fails. Nothing touches him so quickly as the sufferings of a poor dumb beast.

A few days ago a couple of men who were traveling overland in a "prairie of men who were traveling overland in a "prairie of men who had the beautiful to the couple of th A few days ago a couple of men who were travel-ling overland in a "prairie schooner," anchored their cust on some vacant lots back of Mr. Dollinger's barn. They had come from Missouri and were going up into the Mouse River country and stopped in the city for rost and relaxation. They picketed out their mades, and every day went down town where rest and relaxation retails at 15 cents a glass, two for a quarter.

He bit him in twenty different places. Part of the time he was up on his back gnawing at the back of his neck and tryins to climb up further by scratching with his hind feet and so get over at his throat. And every time Mr. Dollinger went near one of the mules, it kicked at him. And both of them kent braying and that dog never for a single instant stopped that hollow, consumptive back of his.

Once he fell down and the dog tore along over him and then came back at him as he got up and started the other way.

BABY'S SCALP. Milk Crust, Dandruff, Eczema and All Scalp

Humors Curred by Culicura.

Leat November my little boy, aged three years, fell against the stove while he was running, and cut his head, and, right after that, he broke out all over his head, face and left ear. I had a good doctor, Dr. ——— to attend him, but he got worse, and the doctor could not cure him. His whole head, face and left ear were in a fearful state, and he suffered terribly. I caught the disease from him, and it spread all over my face and neek, and even got into my eyes. Nobody thought we would aver get better. I felt sure we were disfigured for we would ever get better. I felt sure we were disfigured for life. I heard of the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and procured a bottle of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, a box of CUTICURA, and a cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and used them constantly day and night. After using two bottles of RESOLVENT, four boxes of CUTICURA and four cakes of SOAP, we are perfectly cured without a scar. My boy's skin is now like

Sworn to before me this 27th day of March, 1885.

THE WORST SORE READ.

Have been in the drug and medicine business twenty-five years. Have been seiling your CUTICURA REMEDIES since they came West. They lead all others in their line. We since they came west. They lead at closes in their line. We could not write nor could you print all we have heard said in favor of the CUTICURA REMEDIES. One year ago the favor of tale CUTICURA and SOAP cured a little girl in our house of the worst sore head we ever saw, and the RESOLVENT and CUTICURA are now curing a young gentleman of a sore leg.

while the physicians are trying to have it amputated. It will save his leg, and perhaps his life. Too much cannot be said in layor of CUTICURA BEMEDIES. S. B. SMITH & BRO. COVINGTON, KY. CUTICURA REMEDIES are a positive cure for every form of Skin and Blood Diseases, from Pimples to Scrofula.
Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; SOAP, 25

cents; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."
SKIN Blemishes, Pimples, Blackheads, and Baby Humors.

USO CUTICURA SOAP. ACHE! ACHE!! ACHE!!! Sharp Aches and Pains relieved to one min-ute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. A perfect antidote to pain and inflammation. At Druggists', 25 cents; five for \$1. FOTTER DITCO AND CHEMICAL COMPANY, Boston.